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A LIMIT TO ALL THINGS.

"NORA, DOESN'T IT TIRE YOU TO RUN UP SO MANY STAIRS TO ANNOUNCE MY VISITORS?"
"YIS'M—BUT YER SEE WHEN I GITS WORED OUT I JIS' TELLS 'EM YER AIN'T IN."

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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,

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New York City.





"WHY DO YOU PICK POCKETS?"

"FOR THE SAME REASON YOU ACT AS JUDGE."

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN, MAN?"

"BECAUSE THERE'S MONEY IN IT."

THE WELCOME GUEST.

WHEN the New Fad came
to this land one day,
He smiled to the crowd in a
confident way,
And the New Fad said: "I have come to stay.

"I was born a century, maybe, ago—
At the time they thought me a trifle slow—
I wasn't remarkable then, you know.

"I'm as old as you," and he raised his hat
To the Yankees prone (for they all lay flat—
As a nation they're noted for doing that).

"I'm as old as you; on my native shore
They've long since thought me a fearful bore,
So I'm glad I never met *you* before."

Then up spoke an erudite, cultured miss,
And she said "It affords me consummate bliss
To welcome our guest," and they cheered at this.

Then the New Fad smiled to himself, and said:
"Wisdom, no doubt, will always spread,
But I'm glad that the fools are not all dead!"

Tom Masson.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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LIFE begs to express its sympathy with sentiments expressed by the Rev. Charles E. Stowe of Hartford anent various projects for erecting statues and other monuments to perpetuate the memory of his mother, the late Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Mr. Stowe says that he and his sisters consider it their exclusive privilege to mark their mother's grave at Andover, and that as to monuments and statues to be erected elsewhere, all such undertakings are regarded by them with indifference, slightly tinged with apprehension.

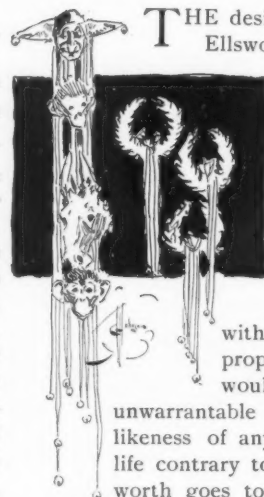
Without claiming any right to determine what form any desire to perpetuate the memory of Mrs. Stowe shall take, he ventures the opinion that what he terms "the statue nuisance" is a most unsightly way of wasting money, and thinks that "the ordinary bronze statue ought to be regarded as a terrible penalty, only to be inflicted on great offenders against society, like Adam, Captain Kidd, or Benedict Arnold." He is therefore only lukewarm in his support of the project of the Stowe Memorial Committee, which wants the Legislature of Connecticut to authorize the erection of a statue of Mrs. Stowe on the Capitol grounds at Hartford, and to appropriate five thousand dollars towards the cost of it. Mr. Stowe has seen the model of the statue and does not condemn it, though he thinks his mother's memory would better be kept alive by a scholarship at one of the colleges for educating negroes.



NO well-informed person seems to have expected anything but mischief from the efforts of the Lexow Investigating Committee to discover the bacillus of trusts. The Committee has sat with diligence, and has asked many questions of many men, and beyond affording considerable quantities of "copy" to the newspapers, it seems to have accomplished very little. It is to have another go at the alleged monopolists, but the most that is hoped for is that it may not do much harm. There are both good and bad points about trusts, and to correct the evils of them without interfer-

ing with the legitimate ends of business which they serve, is a work requiring much more delicate discrimination, much more expert knowledge, and a much more business-like purpose than the Lexow Committee possesses, or than any similar legislative committee is likely to possess.

* * *



THE desire of the Honorable Timothy Ellsworth* of Lockport, Senator of the State of New York, to keep the portraits of his fellow-citizens of this State out of print, is not in all respects unreasonable. The new journalism runs terribly to portraiture, and doubtless prints the likenesses of a great many persons whose lineaments ought not to be published

without their consent. If this propensity could be restrained it would make for decency, for it is an unwarrantable invasion of privacy to print the likeness of any respectable citizen in private life contrary to his wish. But Senator Ellsworth goes too far. His bill prohibits the publication of the portrait of any citizen of this State without such citizen's written consent. This would put an end to political caricature, which is perfectly legitimate, and would hinder publication of the portraits of men and women in public life, which is not improper. The disease which Mr. Ellsworth attacks is bad, but it seems to LIFE that the remedy which he proposes is worse; so much worse, and so conspicuously so, that there seems to be no reason to fear that his bill will go through. The second commandment of Moses prohibits the making of likenesses, but in Christian countries the prohibition has been interpreted out of it. It is not likely that Senator Ellsworth can get up a statute that will accomplish what Moses has failed to effect. The great protection that decent people of retiring dispositions have nowadays against the picture-mad new-journals is that no responsible person cares a hang what they print, or believes anything they say that seems at all unlikely.

* * *

THE Perrine land grant scandal, which was apparently expected to smirch the Cleveland family as they passed out of the White House, seems not to have panned out equal to the prognostications. The Senate Committee on Public Lands which looked into it found it all regular, and that the land was hardly worth the forty thousand dollars which the Perrine heirs had spent on the improvements. LIFE begs to extend its condolences to the *Sun*, which, however, has the satisfaction of knowing that it made the most of what seemed an opportunity while it lasted.



THE BRITISH SIDE OF IT.

"HOW MUCH DOES HIS LORDSHIP GET FOR MARRYING HER?"

"A COOL MILLION."

"WORTH EVERY CENT OF 'IT.'"



"ON THE FACE OF THE WATERS."

MRS. FLORA ANNIE STEEL is said to be about fifty years of age. (This is a man's guess, and not trustworthy.) She began writing fiction a few years ago, and had moderate success. Within a few months she has come upon a great wave of popularity by reason of her novel of the Indian Mutiny, "On the Face of the Waters" (Macmillan). England has accepted it as one of the best pictures of the Mutiny ever drawn, and the Kipling family are said to vouch for its truth to local

color and tradition. Moreover, to add still further to its verity, it is reputed that Mrs. Steel's husband was in the Mutiny, and she herself in the preface vouches for the historical truth of every allusion to real people, "even to the date, the hour, the scene, the very weather." All of which ought to be a pretty good foundation for a novel.

The story in itself must stand a different test—that of the general reader. He will go through it conscientiously because it is "talked about," but will admit that at times it is pretty hard reading. It is so jam full of strange Indian terminology that many sentences fail to convey an adequate meaning to a plain American linguist. However, having whetted his teeth on Scotch dialect, the American is ready for any new kind of linguistic nut-cracking. Mrs. Steel carries a basketful.

There is a lack of good joiner work in dovetailing the historical events to the fictitious characters. The story does not move impetuously forward, but by spasmodic jumps.

These are obvious defects, but they look very small when you have finished reading the novel and consider its total effect. Then you are aware of having viewed a strange, impressive and artistic panorama which leaves in your mind a distinct idea of the state of affairs—the personal considerations, both native and English—that precipitated the horrors of that event.

The characters are original, but not compelling. Mrs. Erlton and Jim Douglas have the greatest part to play, but Alice Gissing is the most individual and nearest human. The game of war is so much greater than the game of love, and jealousy, and remorse, that the people of the story are little more than convenient pegs on which to hang the Mutiny.

There is an abundance of picturesque description that calls up a distinct image of Delhi during the siege; a kind of poetic symbolism permeates it all, like the rose-red glow of the walls, and the cloud of dust on the Meerut road. It is a strong, dramatic, painstaking and effective, but sometimes incoherent, piece of writing, in an ambitious field.

IN a recent issue LIFE called for "Peace in Fable-Land," and included among the "young men" who were ruthlessly shedding blood on paper, without having "smelt burnt powder," Mr. Ambrose Bierce. LIFE regrets that Mr. Bierce is not as young as he ought to be, judging from the vigor of his style and the intensity of action in his stories. He smelt powder all through the civil war in many battles, and has earned the right to kill as many paper soldiers as he wants to kill for old sake's sake.

Droch.



THE LEADING MAN OF THE COMPANY.



HIS LUCK.

AFTER GIVING FIVE VOLUMES TO THE CHURCH FAIR, THAT SOMEBODY MIGHT KNOW HIS WRITINGS, HE WINS THEM BACK ON THE ONLY TICKET HE HELD.



THE GENIUS-MICROBE AND THE TRICKY BOY.

A GENIUS-MICROBE was once floating around in space, with nothing particular to do. Cupid saw him, and running up behind, as a boy after a butterfly, soon had the genius-microbe firmly imprisoned in his net. For the net of Cupid is so fine that even a microbe cannot escape.

"You are just the one I want!" exclaimed Cupid, exultantly. "Recently, through a miscalculation, I united a man and a woman of such adjustable temperaments that they are happy together. This isn't what I am here for, so you must enter the mind of the man."

There being no alternative, the genius-microbe soon found himself at work in a field of gray matter, planting the seeds of greatness.

Then it was that the man began to have a fever, and, turning to the woman, said: "I perceive that I am called upon to do something."

Whereupon he wrote.

And the woman smiled upon him, while her heart turned to ice.

For she knew her doom was sealed.

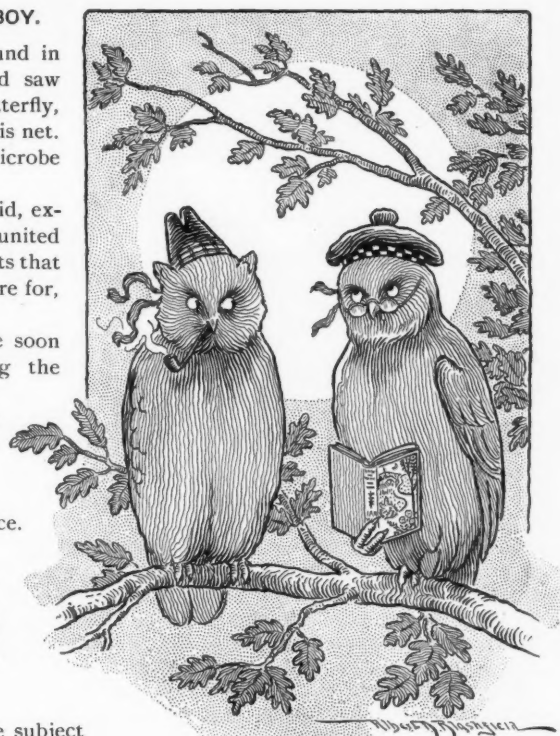
It happened, however, that the genius-microbe had feelings. And he said: "This boy Cupid has played a trick upon me, and while doing my legitimate work I am compelled to open the door to domestic discord. Nature never intended me to break a woman's heart, and I will get even."

And he set to work.

When the man's book appeared it dealt with love, and the subject was so wonderfully handled, and the maliciousness of Cupid was so thoroughly exposed, that everyone who read it understood.

Which was more than the man himself did, for it really had been written by the genius-microbe.

And because of the book, many of those who read were able to love



"I DO LOVE IAN MACLAREN!"
"HOOT, MON!"

happily, in spite of the tricky boy.

Thus through the sacrifice of one woman came about the joy of many.

Cupid is still at it, trying to correct the work of his betrayer through others of his kind.

It happens, however, that genius-microbes are very scarce, and, like butterflies, can be caught only at certain seasons.

Tom Masson.

A MEDICAL journal speaks of the "popular prejudice against operations for appendicitis."

Yes, and there is also a popular prejudice against railway accidents, broken necks, and highway robbery. But this "popular prejudice" will vanish when people overcome that foolish dread of disappearing before their time.

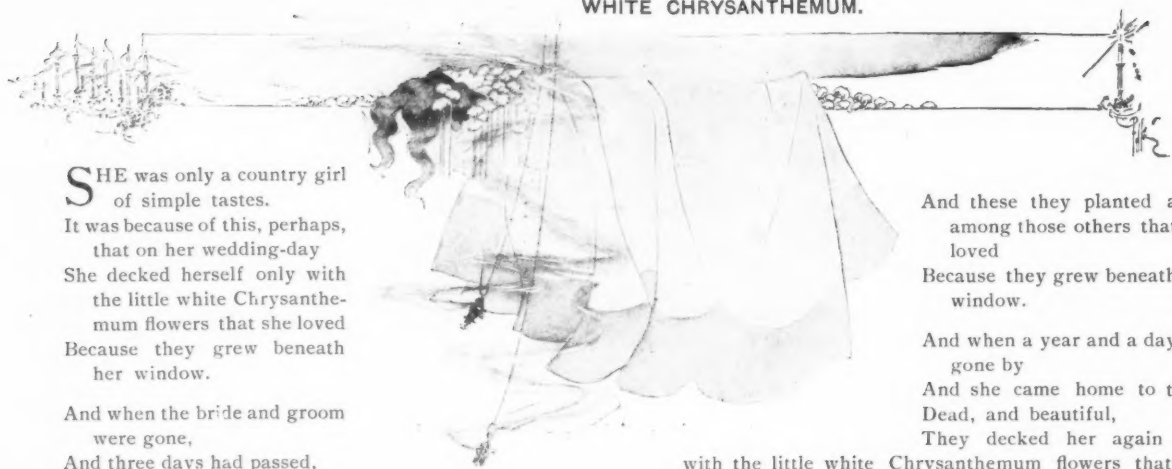
DARKSIDE: I see one of our warships is doomed.

FENILWORTH: How's that?

"She's been ordered to sea."



WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUM.



SHE was only a country girl
of simple tastes.

It was because of this, perhaps,
that on her wedding-day
She decked herself only with
the little white Chrysanthemum
flowers that she loved
Because they grew beneath
her window.

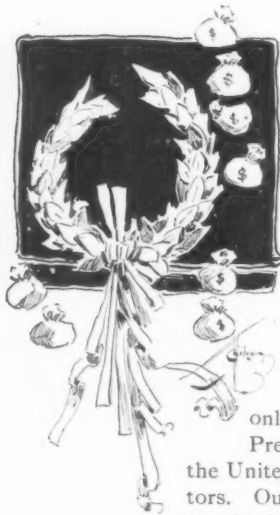
And when the bride and groom
were gone,

And three days had passed,
Those behind found some of
the blossoms in a bowl of water in her room, where,
strangely enough, they had taken root.

And these they planted again
among those others that she
loved
Because they grew beneath her
window.
And when a year and a day had
gone by
And she came home to them,
Dead, and beautiful,
They decked her again only
with the little white Chrysanthemum flowers that she
loved
Because they grew beneath her window.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

THE REWARD OF TRUE DIGNITY.



LIFE begs respectfully to suggest to the managers of the Annual Horse, Beauty and Fashion Show, which is held in New York every fall, that next time they should add to the attractions of their entertainment an exhibition of family coachmen. The coachmen of our first families are creatures of surpassing interest. As seen on the Fifth Avenue they add vastly to the dignity of that thoroughfare, and greatly edify the walking contingent who observe them. They are the more appreciated because of the dearth in New York of officials of high rank and commensurate gravity of demeanor.

We have only one Archbishop here, only two or three resident Bishops, no Presidents, ex - Presidents, Judges of the United States Supreme Court, or Senators. Our millionaires do not inspire awe, nor do the officers of our city government.

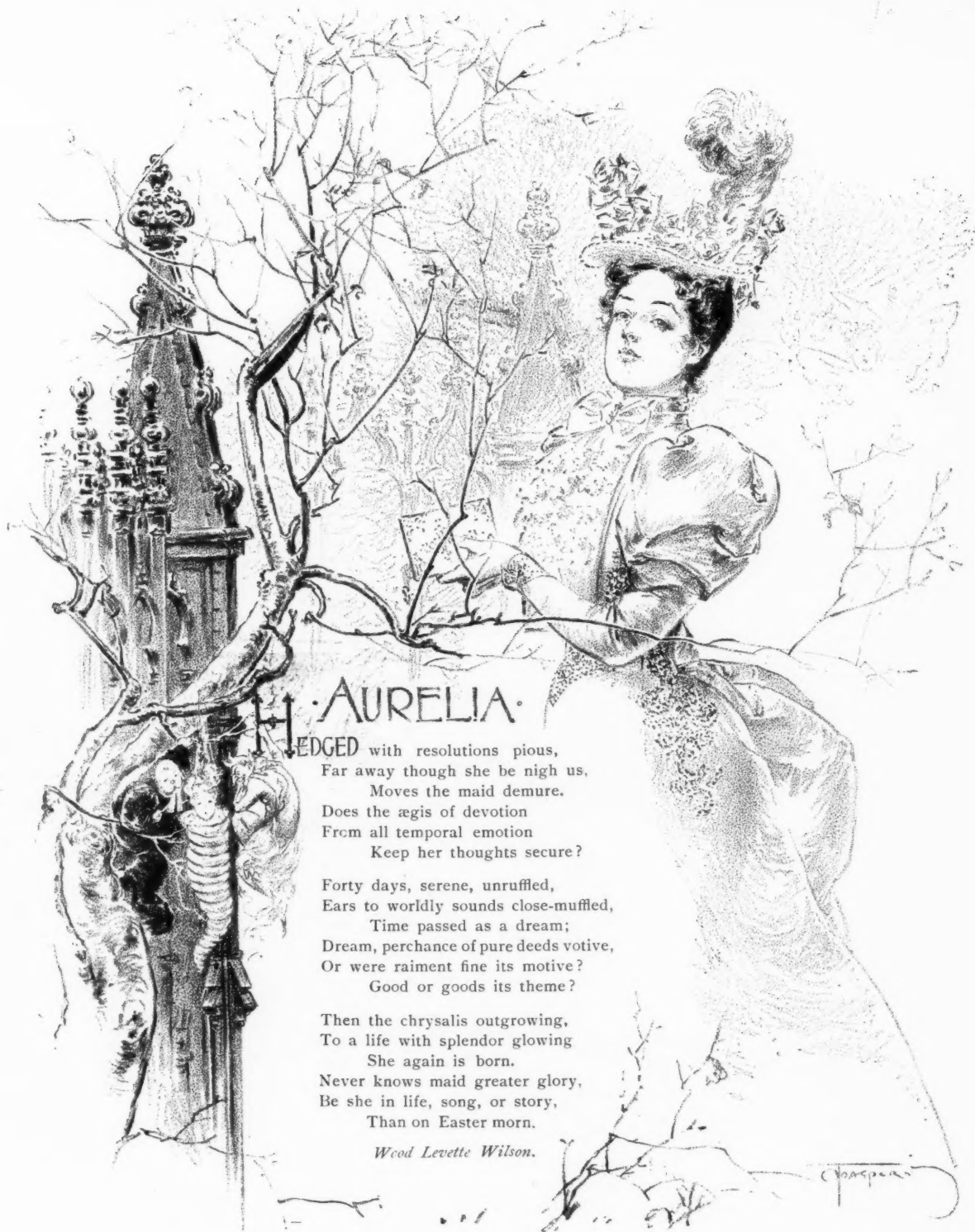
Almost the only member of our social system who visibly impersonates stability and vested rights is the family coachman. His type is definite, and his points are recognized and understood by amateurs. His species, precious as it is, is worthy of cultivation, and would amply repay attention. He appears at his best on the box, with his footman in place and his family inside, and thus he should appear when exhibited at the Horse Show. The exhibition should, of course, be competitive.

SOME people lay up something for a rainy day, and others let things go to soak when the time comes.



HARRY B. NEILSON.

A HEAVY SWELL.



AURELIA.

HEDGED with resolutions pious,
Far away though she be nigh us,
Moves the maid demure.
Does the ægis of devotion
From all temporal emotion
Keep her thoughts secure?

Forty days, serene, unruffled,
Ears to worldly sounds close-muffled,
Time passed as a dream;
Dream, perchance of pure deeds votive,
Or were raiment fine its motive?
Good or goods its theme?

Then the chrysalis outgrowing,
To a life with splendor glowing
She again is born.
Never knows maid greater glory,
Be she in life, song, or story,
Than on Easter morn.

Wood Levette Wilson.



"ILL BLOWS THE WIND THA



WIND THAT PROFITS NOBODY."



THE SAME OLD STORY.



PARIS has other sins to answer for besides those commonly charged to her. She has sent to New York any number of comic operas with the endorsement of Parisian success, which in their American versions proved to be dull, dreary and unprofitable. New Yorkers have time and again yielded to the seductiveness of a Parisian endorsement only to find themselves the victims of the same old story — music that wasn't musical, lines that weren't clever, and attempts at fun which wasn't funny to start with, and which lost all that it might have originally attempted to be in the translating. Thin wines, thin women, and evidently thin operas are more popular in France than here, and both American managers and the American public should remember this when they are asked to patronize entertainments with no other voucher than Parisian success.

It would be hard to imagine "La Falote" entertaining with the best cast that Paris could give to it, and with all the Frenchness its text might be capable of restored to its lines. Done at the Casino with a mediocre cast, and with Sixth Avenue slang taking the place of wit and humor, it is about as dreary a combination as even that unfortunate house has given to New York for a long time.

The mystery is that managers will present such performances, which can be called neither entertainments nor attractions. A crowded and well-dressed audience witnessed its first presentation. Why? New Yorkers have been fooled so many, many times by similar fiascos, that one would think they would learn by experience. But no, the aggregation of music, short skirts, and the name

of a comedian or two, brings them into competition to purchase a pig in a poke. A certain number of men are paid to go to these comic opera first nights, and therefore go to earn their daily bread, and out of a heroic sense of duty. They record their impressions in print, and

if the public would take the average of these opinions it would, at least nine times out of ten, save itself money, time, and disappointment.

One feature of the production which attracted attention was the first appearance of Mr. W. J. LeMoyne in opera. His speaking voice has so long been familiar to audiences at the Lyceum that there was general curiosity to know how on earth he could possibly hope to succeed in musical work. The fact is that comic opera comedians don't sing. Messrs. Wilson, Hopper, Barnabee, D'Angelis, and numerous others, are shining examples of that fact. Mr. LeMoyne did about as well as might have been expected. He can't sing, and he didn't try to, and was as humorous as he could be in a part which had no humor. Miss Yvonne de Treville, whose name is new to our programmes, proved to be rather an agreeable surprise. She is not good-looking, but is petite, graceful, and has rather a sweet voice. She should find a good place in some more worthy piece. Mr. Julius Steger worked hard in a dreary rôle, which was made drearier by his bad English.

"La Falote" has one excellent feature. It contains no topical song. * * *

IT is high time our stage managers got after their artistic charges in the matter of elocution. The first thing an actor or actress should learn is to speak so as to be heard, but it is an elementary principle which is becoming more and more neglected. Our audiences may be noisier than they used to be, but it's certain that many actors are becoming careless in their utterance. There are so many of them who have never seen nor read "Hamlet" that it might be a kindness to suggest to the rising generation, and to many of their elders, that in *Hamlet's* speech to the players there are some instructions which it might profit them to read. * * *

CAPTAIN CHAPMAN, noted for his high moral sense, has not, at present writing, learned that there is an immoral show at the Knickerbocker Theatre, Broadway and Thirty-eighth Street. *Metcalf.*



SHOWING ON THE FACE OF IT.

REALISM.

THE song of the tenor deep we list,
Encoring loud and long.
Were truth confessed, we've often missed
The tenor of the song.

Roy Farrell Greene.

A MUCH-MALIGNED STATE.

THERE is a strong disposition in some quarters to sneer, in true Pharisaical fashion, at Nevada since she has passed laws legalizing prize-fighting, and is considering the propriety of permitting lotteries. Other States have been inclined to wax sarcastic at her expense, and to intimate that this is a desperate attempt to entice within her borders a sufficient number of people to let her, at least occasionally, feel the sensation of being a State in something besides the ability to send up two Senators. They also hint that the position said two Senators have taken on various public questions does not imply the existence of a very keen moral or intellectual sense among the people they represent, and that, if such sense does exist, Nevada is so well aware that the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that honor feels, that she is willing to furnish injured honor without stint so long as somebody else will supply the guineas, or rather, in deference to her prejudices, the sixteen to

one dollars instead.

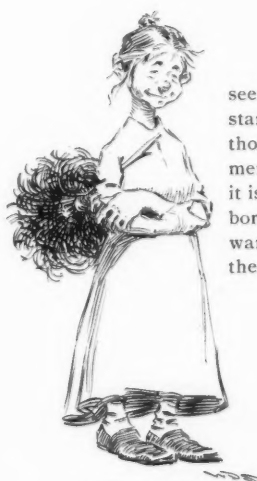
ALL this is as unjust as it is narrow. Nevada is really an apostle of liberty, a kind of Roger Williams among States. Her own sense of moral fitness is high—so high that she has hitherto refrained from doing anything lest she might do something wrong. But she is no bigot; if other people wish to have prize fights, and



CUPIDS OF ALL NATIONS.—RUSSIA.



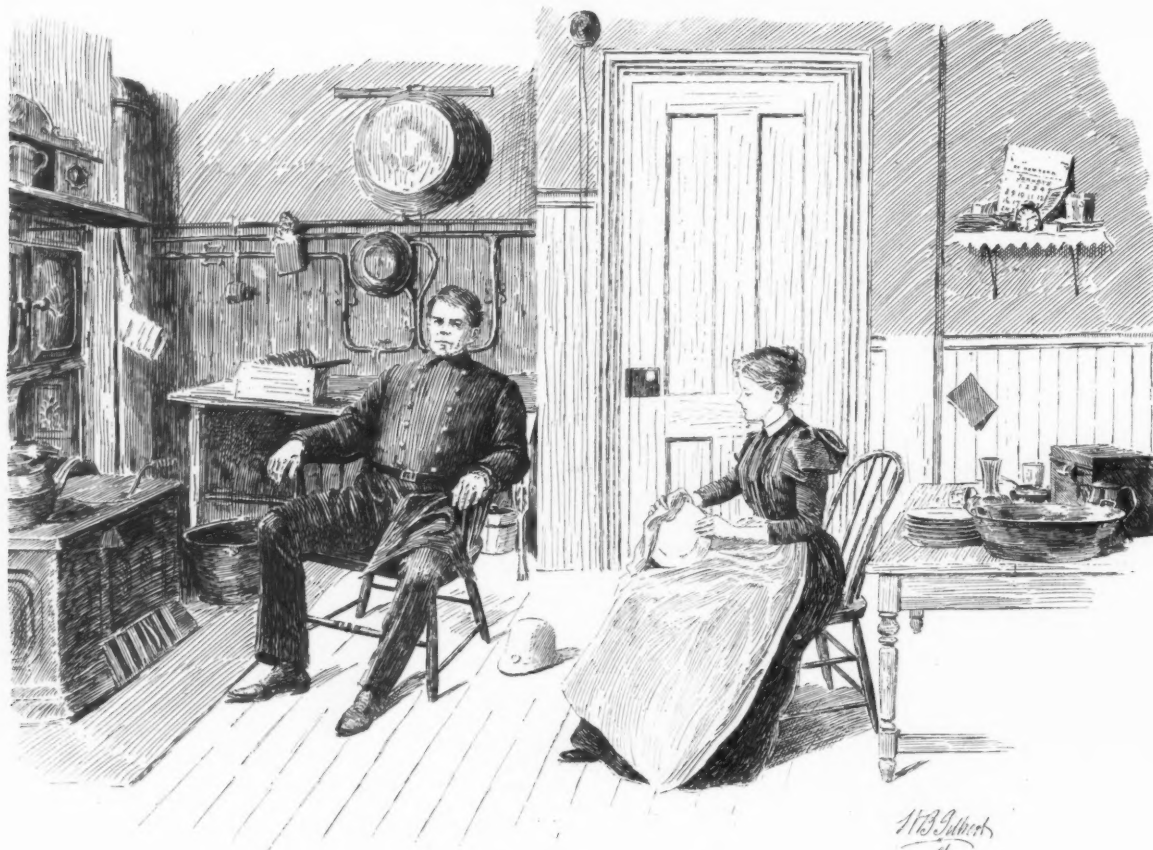
AN HAVANA FILLER.



A MILD DOMESTIC.

see no harm in them, Nevada will take care that no puritanical prejudices stand in the way of their gratification. Nor does the requirement of a thousand-dollar fee for the privilege indicate a mercenary spirit. It is merely an earnest of good faith on the part of the intending fighters, for it is one thing for a State to be willing to permit an encounter within its borders, and quite another to let itself become the theatre of the wordy wars in which pugilists are fond of indulging. It is too much to ask of the most liberal State, that she should allow the latter.

MOREOVER, there is profit both for herself and others in Nevada's action. With prize-fighting as a recognized amusement, and lotteries as legalized institutions, it is absurd to suppose there would be any serious obstacles placed in the way of unlimited gambling, drinking, fighting, and similar entertainments. As a natural consequence, from all parts of the country those who find themselves hindered in the pursuit of such pleasures by the so-called narrow bigotry of the so-called reputable classes will



Katy: SHERIFF BRADY IS A MAN AFTER ME OWN HEART.
"HE'S NOT AFTHER IT HALF' SO HARD AS I AM."

hasten to a community where they may indulge their tastes freely, the other States may be relieved of a number of citizens they will be much better off without, and the population of Nevada will begin to approximate—in numbers—to that of Delaware or Rhode Island.

LOOKED at in this light, Nevada's conduct obviously does not merit the satire and denunciation it has received. The other States will be benefited by it, and if some, not satisfied with this, insist that Nevada is lowering her own character, selling her State honor, and bringing, as far as in her lies, the good name of the Union into disrepute, the only answer possible is that she is a sovereign State, that if she chooses to make herself a moral dumping ground there is no power that can prevent her, and that at least her loss is temporarily the gain of the rest of the country.

M. A. Conyngton.

THEY COULDN'T LOSE.

THE famous old lawyer hemmed and hawed considerably. He really felt sorry for the flaxen-haired doll of a woman who sat beside him, she seemed so unsuited to the cruel strife of law courts, and her liquid blue eyes fairly melted him with their strong, innocent purpose. He felt it hard to have to tell her that he should be considered an enemy by her, and that she must betake herself to some other practitioner. At last, however, he mustered up courage, and in firm, yet kindly tones, said:

"Madam, I extremely regret to say that I will be unable to take your case against this man, for the simple reason that I have already been retained by the other side."

He watched, expecting to see her give way to grief, or perchance re-

proach him; but instead, her gazelle-like eyes lighted up, and with a most winning smile she cried: "Oh, I'm so glad. It doesn't make one bit of difference either way, you know, for of course as long as you are in the case we will have lots of good press notices."

Percie W. Hart.

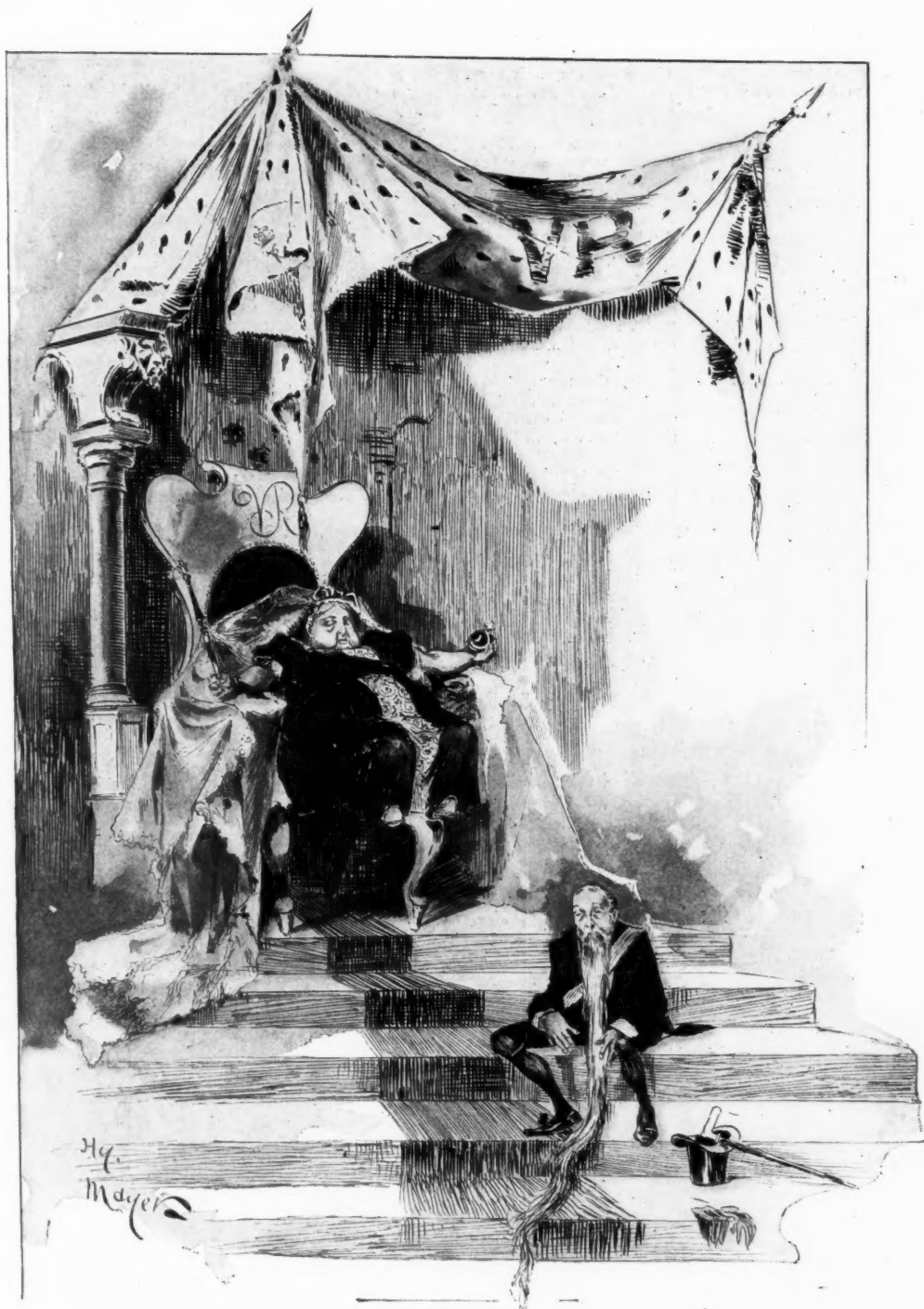
SMITH: I think the public should control a great many of these private enterprises.

ROBINSON: I think so, too. For instance, I'd like to see the public in control of the Board of Aldermen and the State Legislature.

"MAY I kiss your hand?" he asked.

She removed her veil.

"No," she replied. "I have my gloves on."



PROBABILITIES FOR 1947.



WHEN John C. Reid was managing editor of the *Times* he had an office-boy whose nerve and cheek were colossal. Greatness never embarrassed him, for he was no respecter of persons. One day he entertained in the reception-room a waiting visitor, whose patronizing way nettled him. All kinds of questions concerning his life and occupation were fired at him, and, finally, he was asked how much he earned a week. His reply was "Fifty dollars," which caused the interrogator to whistle. At that moment the visitor was summoned by Reid, to whom he related his experience with an office-boy who said he made fifty dollars a week.

Reid rang bell; enter boy.
"Did you tell this gentleman that you made fifty dollars a week here?"

"I did not tell him any such thing."
"What!" exclaimed the gentleman. "You mean to say you didn't tell me a moment or two ago that you made fifty dollars a week?"

"Never said any such thing."
"Why, you little liar! You—"
"What did you tell the gentleman?" put in Reid.
"I told him I earned fifty dollars a week, but you pay me only three dollars."

The visitor was so excited that he forgot his business with the managing editor. When he had taken leave of the office Reid raised the boy's salary to six dollars.

—*New York Press.*

JOHN CAMPBELL tells a story about the cross-examination of a bad-tempered female in his court. She was an Amazonian person. Her husband, obviously the

weaker vessel, sat sheepishly listening. The opposing attorney pressed a certain question rather urgently, and she said angrily: "You needn't think to catch me. You tried that once before." The lawyer said: "Madam, I have not the slightest desire to catch you, and your husband looks as if he was sorry he did."

—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

EMBARRASSED.—FIRST CHORUS GIRL: I do feel so queer in these short skirts.

SECOND CHORUS GIRL: I know; we all feel that way at the start, but you will get used to it.

FIRST CHORUS GIRL: Maybe I will. You know it is the first time I ever appeared in such a rig. I have been doing living pictures all season.

—*Indianapolis Journal.*

WHEN the tempest broke, the roof of the barn struck the tenderfoot in the chest, a haystack fell upon his head, and a cord of wood pinned his feet to the ground.

Tears sprang to his eyes.
"It reminds me," he sighed, "of sitting in a crowded trolley car when it goes round a curve. Ah, me!"—*Detroit Journal.*

ONE of the dispensary doctors—it would not be fair to name him—tells a good story on himself.

There was a dispute as to the disease of which a certain gentleman died whom he had attended. Several medical friends insisted that he had died of dropsy. None of them knew that the young doctor had attended



A Writer of Fiction. By Clive Holland. Boston: Copeland and Day.

A Forge in the Forest. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Boston, New York and London: Lamson, Wolfe and Company.

The Spoils of Poynton. By Henry James. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

him, and when he remarked that he knew what the man died of, and insisted that everybody else was wrong, one of them said:

"How do you know so well what he died of? If you know so well, perhaps you can tell us."

"I know what he died of—because I attended him," was the reply, and the cruel answer came in chorus: "That explains why he died."

—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

WILLIE: It's always in damp places where mushrooms grow, isn't it, papa?

PAPA: Yes, my boy.
"Is that the reason they look like umbrellas, papa?"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The acme of politeness was reached by a mining superintendent who posted a placard reading: "Please do not tumble down the shaft."

—*Melbourne Weekly Times.*

"Did I understand you to say that you are unmarried, madam?" asked the lawyer who was cross-examining a Chicago woman. "I do not know what you understood me to say," replied the witness; "but that is what I said. I have been unmarried four times."

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

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EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saabach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.



The beauty of a summer dress
Is in its dainty spotlessness;
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EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF HORATIO NELSON TUBBS,
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February 3, 1897.—This is undoubtedly destined to be an eventful day in the lives of the men who compose the crew of the battleship "Sackdologer." It is now 9 a. m. We have just received sealed orders to sail, and all is hustle and bustle. The sailors are excited, the officers seem to be laboring under intense anxiety, and crowds of our relatives have gathered around the dry-dock to bid us farewell.

Nine Thirty-six A. M.—The engineer has given orders to start the fires, and they have been executed without a single mishap. The excitement is becoming greater.

Ten O'clock.—The engineer announces that he has thirty pounds of steam. The commander has just fallen over a marlinspike and skinned his nose. Every member of the crew is on the alert, but, unless some unforeseen circumstance arises to confound us, we are likely to get out of the dock before nightfall.

Eleven Fifteen A. M.—The wives and children of our gallant crew are weeping and wailing. People are flocking from all directions to take a last farewell look at our noble ship. She cost \$6,000,000, and is almost as good as new. I have decided to inclose these pages in a bottle when the word is given to start the machinery, and intrust them to the waves.

Twelve O'clock.—Luncheon has been ordered. The strain is becoming almost overpowering. Our beautiful silver service is to be used perhaps (who knows?) for the last time.

One Thirty.—We are feeling more cheerful, although we have only twenty cases of champagne left to last us on our perilous journey.

Two Fifteen.—The engineer reports a full head of steam. Everything is now in readiness for the start. People are beginning to put out in boats for the purpose of rescuing us. Adieu, adieu, my native land!

Two Thirty.—Alas, our worst fears have been realized. We have run upon a hitching post, and may not be able to get off until the spring thaws set in. Nobody knows who is to blame. It is terrible. The captain is weeping, and

nearly everybody else is drunk with excitement and other things. Our noble ship is ruined, and I am going home to mother.—*Cleveland Leader.*

A BUSINESS man accustomed to hard work for many years usually finds idleness irksome. Men who have been actively in the harness as a rule do not like to retire, although retirement in old age is the goal of the average worker. A successful Chicagoan, who has reached sixty years, said to me the other day: "I am going to quit. I have worked for thirty years without a week's vacation; now I am going to rest for thirty years. I have earned every dollar I possess; and I intend to spend money and stop worrying about accumulating it."

I applauded this determination and inquired how he intended to spend his leisure.

"I have bought a homestead in Blank," he said, naming a small town in Michigan, "and I shall remove there with my family and simply wallow in idleness and contentment."

"But how will you pass your spare time?" I insisted.

"Well, I'll hunt and fish," he said.

"Good; but that will not keep you busy the year round," I ventured.

"No; but I shall read. I'll take all the papers. I will get together a little library, too."

"What will occupy all your extra time?"

"Oh, I shall walk about a good deal, I dare say. Exercise—you know—great thing for an old man."

"Is that your entire programme?"

"N—no, not exactly," he said, hesitatingly. "I'm going to organize a private bank down there and manage it."—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

VISITOR: I am grieved to learn of your mistress's illness. Nothing serious—no great cause for alarm, I trust?

THE NEW FRENCH MAID: No, monsieur, nozzing beeg, nozzing grande. Something—what you call leetle, petite. What zey call ze leetle—small—smallpox.—*Tit-Bits.*

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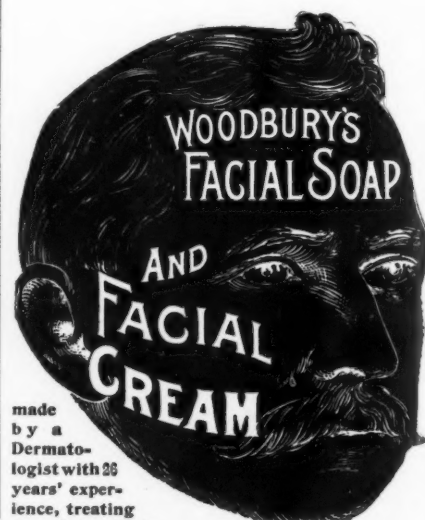
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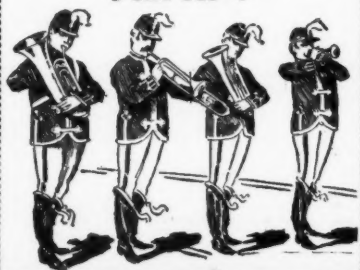
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